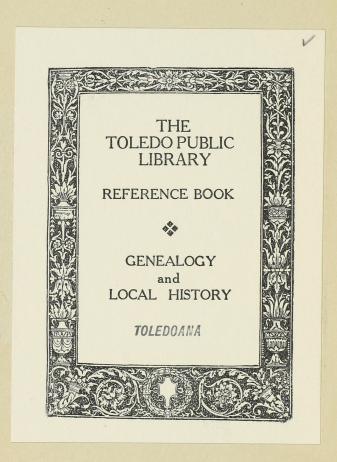
TOLEDO WOMEN WRITERS OF YESTERDAY

SARA ROWSEY FOLEY

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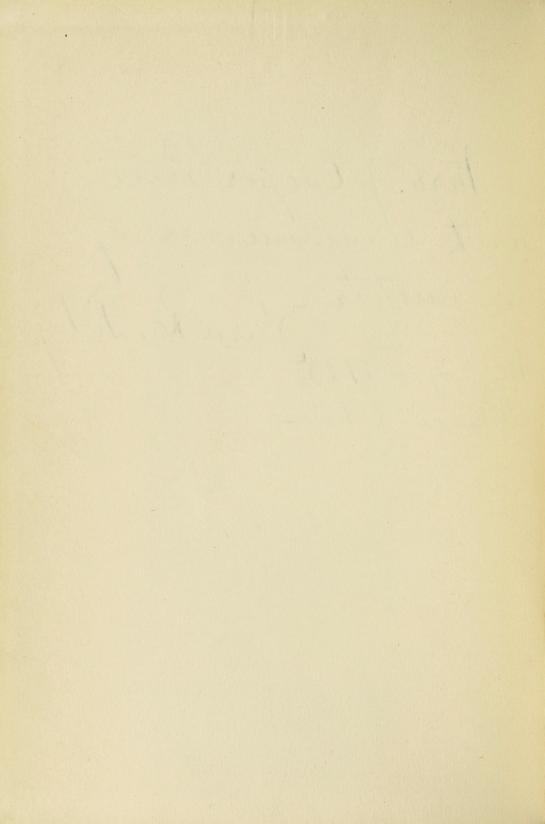
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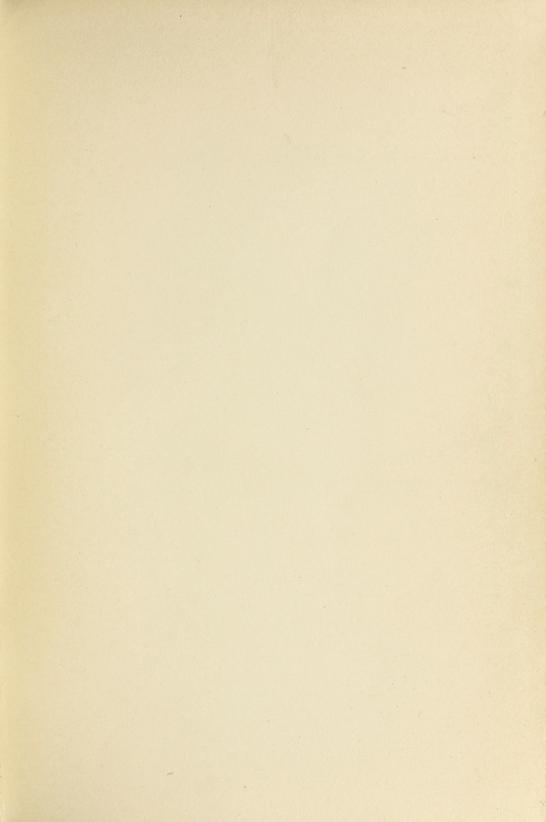
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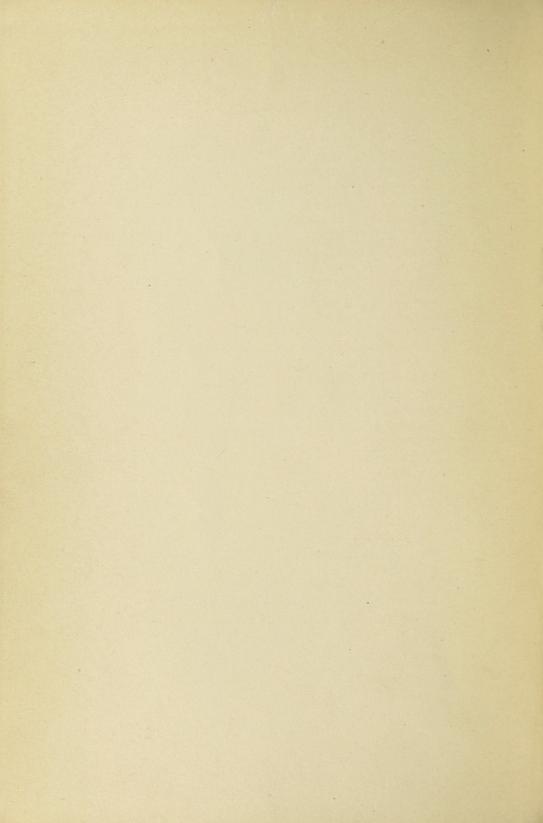


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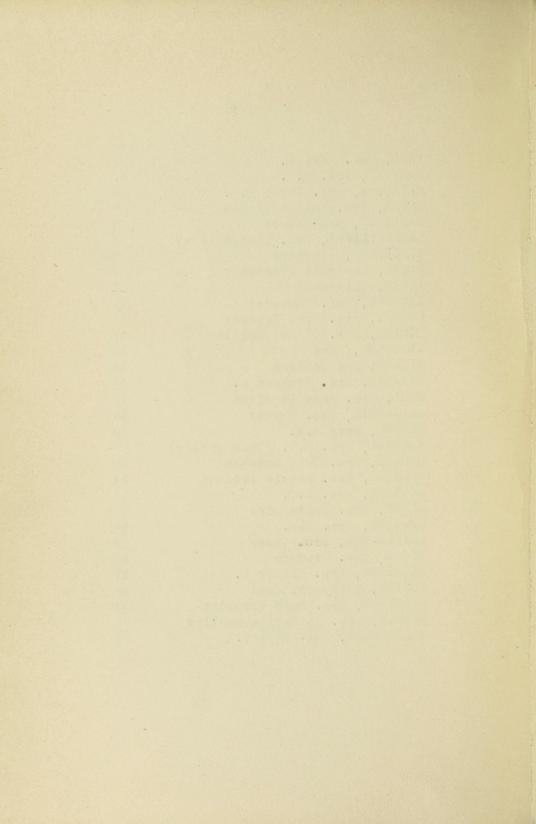






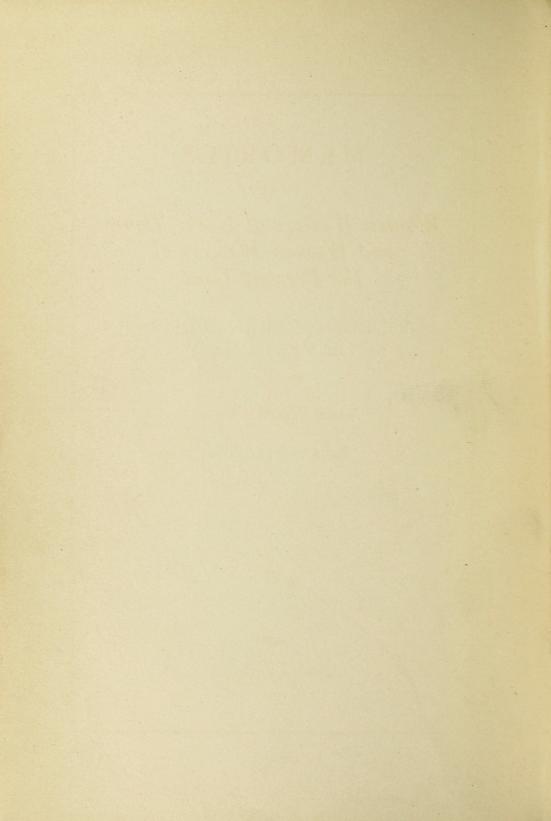
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TOLEDO WOMEN WRITERS OF YESTERDAY

SARA ROWSEY FOLEY



MEMORIES

OF THE

Women Writers of Early Times and Women Writers of the Present Time

By
SARA ROWSEY FOLEY





To the members
of the
Toledo Hriters' Club
I dedicate this little Book
S. R. F.

41.00





SARA ROWSEY FOLEY

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SINCE the first newspaper, The Toledo Herald, later the "Toledo Gazette," was published in 1834 and '35 in Toledo, in fact, in Lucas county, historians have recorded with accurate fidelity the story of those men whose ability and success, as publishers, owners or writers connected with or in the world of letters, have done so much for the intellectual development of our city. That such a record should be preserved and honor given is well, for although Artemus Ward, and later, the Nasby letters, had given Toledo and the Toledo Blade, worldwide fame and renown, all the writers of the past had not the genius of Charles F. Brown or David R. Locke, but are entitled by their talents and achievements to their share of all the honor posterity can give them.

In this story of the illustrious of the past, however, there's no mention made of the women, who by their talents, strong mentality, originality and intellectuality helped largely to the prosperity and high standard in the growth of the Toledo press. Where so much space had been given to the men, almost in detail, a few lines scarcely a dozen, have sufficed for the two or three women of earliest date, and nothing of those who came later. The names of those who formed the Suffrage Club in 1869, and those who organized the New Century Club in 1877, are, however, in one history of Toledo.

That justice should be done to the women writers of Toledo, many of whom are only a memory to even the older generation now, and strangers to the present, it is my honored privilege to give in fitting phrase the deserved and honored tribute due them for the noble use made of the talents God had given them.

In the firmament of the heavens there are greater and lesser stars of magnitude, but all are celestial, and so with the gifted mortal, there are degrees of perfection and brilliancy. Yet all have the divine spark of genius, as I counted on my rosary of Toledo's inspired score or more of

those worthy of being enrolled in that future Hall of Fame, which will crown with glory our fair city, when later generations recognize that—

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought, Where'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise To higher levels rise."

And on that golden scroll the magic names of Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Emily S. Bouton, and Katherine C. Murphy will shine resplendent and lead all others in the appreciation that gives—

"Honor to those whose words or deeds
Have helped us in our daily needs
And by their overflow
Raised us from what is low."

If I have taken slight liberties with Longfellow's lines, I have retained the sense and sentiment.

MRS. ROSA L. SEGUR

THE first woman in this retrospection, is Mrs. Rosa Segur, not that she was the earliest woman writer in Toledo, but that my acquaintance with her dates back to the days of Mrs. Wm. Kraus, of whom, as a bride, she was the guest, and upon my mother was calling. Of course I had nothing to say, but the vivacity and aggressiveness of Mrs. Segur, in her opinion, made a lasting impression on my mind. What the conversation was I have no recollection, probably would not have understood, as I was just entering my 'teens and belonged to that era in which children were to be "seen but not heard," but neither Mrs. Kraus nor my mother had much to say, for Rosa "held the floor," and ever afterwards, remained in my memory, as a goddness of eloquence. The next time I remember her was when Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony made their first visit to Toledo. In the suffrage movement, she entered with all the enthusiasm of her ardent and impulsive nature, and more than any other member of the suffrage cause has

her name ever stood in the estimation of Toledoans as its champion and fearless defender of woman's rights.

When the Suffrage club demanded that a woman should be appointed at the police station in charge of children and female prisoners (and from all accounts it was high time there should have been one) how Rosa Segur bombarded officials and citizens with personal interviews and articles in the newspapers until at last she won the day—a matron was in office, and ever since, decorum and decency have ruled when women and children were brought in.

Nothing imperilling the cause escaped the vigilance of this "watch-guard upon the tower," and her ready, trenchant pen threw hot shot and shell into the attacking enemy's politics, morals, woman's interests, civic matters or "humanity!" To enumerate her articles for the press, would be like trying to count the leaves upon the trees.

In the Century club, her papers always provoked animated discussion or contradiction. No doubt, she would have been in full sympathy with the suffragettes, had she lived to triumph in the full boon of woman suffrage. She was indeed a valiant woman. Only a few knew of her charitable work, in many directions, her quick response to the call of distress, or in righting injustice. This side of her character was not suspected by the general public.

MRS. T. C. ENRIGHT

GOING back to the first woman writer upon the Toledo press, we recall the memory of Mrs. T. C. Enright. She was born at Galway, Ireland. As a girl she was remembered as Anna Teresa Mahon. She was educated at the Convent of the Ursulines in Sligo. Her husband was Prof. Enright, who gave lessons in Latin and Greek to a class of boys, several of whom came with him from Cincinnati. My brothers were among his pupils. In fact my father had induced him to come here. They opened a book store on Cherry street near the engine house, and until of late the same store has been continuously a book store.

Mrs. Enright had contributed to the Cincinnati Enquirer when Curtiss was editor, a number of serial stories, while living in that city, also to Godey's Ladies' Magazine and to Harpers. So naturally Toledo papers would be open to her! I think it was in 1854 or '55 they settled in Toledo. "Nina O'Shaunessy, or the Disinherited," was written for the Commercial, which was the recognized Republican paper and was still edited by Josiah Rieley and J. A. Boyd. Apropos of this story I will quote from a letter written by a daughter in a Southwestern city, a little incident she mentions in her recollections of her mother:

"My mother," she writes, "was a lover of Ireland, a red hot abolitionist, and a good Catholic. I remember one day Mr. Rieley, of the Commercial, came up with her mss., and told her he couldn't finish publishing it—(he had begun it) unless she would change something in it that was too Catholic, and she answered, 'You'll take it as I write it, or leave it out; but if you presume to alter it, I'll let it be known and never give you a line again.' He published it"

I have an old scrapbook of Mrs. Enright's containing some of her stories, sketches and poems, to which she had signed the name of "Junius." Col. Stephen McGroarty, remembered yet in Toledo, was the hero in one of her Blade stories, and the great Sheridan her inspiration in another. Mrs. Enright was an accomplished, charming woman with a bright future, but died after a short illness in 1859, when only 35, leaving six children. One, Michael Enright, inherited his mother's brilliant talents and prepared by his father, became prominent in the political life of this city. He died one Spring in Virginia. Another son, John Enright (also Squire), was also popular and well known. He too died in Virginia.

MRS. SARAH R. L. WILLIAMS

THE first woman's name recorded in the history of the Toledo press, is that of Mrs. Sarah R. L. Williams — only a very brief notice, but in the memory of the older generation of Toledo, she was regarded as a woman of remarkable character and attainments. She was

a brilliant conversationalist with a magnetism that attracted and retained the affection of a large circle of friends who were apt to grow enthusiastic when they spoke of her. When Susan B. Anthony visited Toledo, as she did several times, she was always entertained at the home of Mrs. Williams.

I do not imagine she was an aggressive suffragist, but rather persuasive, appealing to the intellect, rather than heated argument. If she had lived ten years longer, she would have felt that the cause to which she had given such loyalty and service, was almost won!

Mrs. Williams took a keen interest in Women's Rights back in the fifties, but her first opportunity for active service in the cause, was on the occasion of Mrs. Stanton's and Miss Anthony's visit to Toledo in 1869 for the purpose of rousing public interest in the woman's suffrage movement. At that time the Toledo Woman's Suffrage Association, which consisted of a band of enthusiastic women, of which she was a member, was organized. She felt that she had found her life work, never faltering or becoming discouraged in her effort to overcome opposition to the cause.

While in charge of the Woman's Rights column of the Sunday Journal, she enlarged the space to one page, to commemorate the Centennial Jubilee in 1876. The Ballot Box, a monthly journal devoted to the woman's suffrage cause, was also in her charge.

MRS. LUELLA WILSON SMITH

FOR earnest work and high endeavor, the name of Luella Wilson Smith will ever stand pre-eminent upon the roll of the Writers' Club and in the hearts of its members. Her enthusiasm and ardent interest in the creations of her fertile fancy appealed to me strongly when I met her in the early months of her membership, and she responded so graciously to some trifling courtesy that we soon became friends. She came often to see me, recognizing my sympathy and enjoyment in her verses, which she would recite from memory. That, to me, was such a won-

derful accomplishment, or gift—to remember every beautiful gem and sonnet she had written. I think the encouragement and praise I gave she fully appreciated as honest criticism and approval.

Sometimes when I expected her, I invited friends to meet her, and it is pleasant to recall how she enjoyed the apparently impromptu audience. I had often promised, and at last accepted, an invitation to her home when she lived out at Tremainsville—or West Toledo. The distance was an obstacle, but the pleasure of that occasion has always remained with me as one of the festival days of her memory. It was indeed a "Feast of reason and a flow of soul," for wit and humor filled the hours, and books, stories, and pictures so entranced us that there was not a dull moment to remind us it was nearly midnight, and we had a long distance to go.

Mrs. Smith often spoke of how she discovered she possessed the divine gift to write. During the wearisome hours of convalescence, as idle fancies came and went, she suddenly realized that she was weaving her thoughts into rhythmic lines. Incredulous at first, and then exultant, as with little mental effort, she found she "lisped in numbers, and the numbers came." Like the miner who has delved through years of labor, to find at last the precious metal, she felt, I imagine, that through her life, buried beneath the fulfilled duties of wife and mother, had lain this talent, which in this first release, through illness, had come to light.

In her discovery of this treasure she felt no longer that the hours crept their slow, slow length along, but filled the day with happy cheerfulness until, with returning health, even as she went about her household tasks, her brain was filled with images that she wrought into verse, and then launched her little freight to magazine or paper, confident of acceptance but never discouraged if returned, for she had the happy optimism that they would find a harbor somewhere.

She came to me full of enthusiasm to tell of her plans for a course of readings which she purposed giving, the program to be filled with selections from her own poems, and later on, she told me of her partial success that she received, always announced, as a member of the

Writers' Club. It was her Alma Mater, in one sense, and through her pride in it, the club was glorified wherever she appeared as guest or on the platform, thus reflecting greater honor upon her.

Buoyant and trusting that life's fair pattern of rare design would be worked out, as she dreamed of it in the future years, she never doubted there could be aught to interfere, until, her health impaired, she was forced to rest. Even then, there was no misgiving, complaint or expression of pain, regret or doubt, but cheerful and hopeful she greeted her friends, as if it was only a little resting spell.

My last visit was in February, 1912. She was not able to see me. She gave generously of effort and time at the Writers' Club, and was an honor to the Club, not honored by it. That is as it should be.

MRS. IDA ECKERT LAWRENCE

THAT Ida Eckert Lawrence, who long bore the title of "The Ohio Poet," is in every fibre born of the soil and comes from Ohio's best pioneer blood is obvious. It is no empty title and Ohio is proud to give to her, and that she goes to California to live among her orange groves, or to South Africa or the Sandwich Isles, she has none the less an honest hold upon her hard-earned title.

MRS. LOUISE MARKSCHEFFEL

LD St. Paul's Lutheran Church on Erie Street, opposite the Court House one night some two score or more years ago was filled from pulpit to the door with friends and others to witness the marriage of Toledo's most beautiful and admired young girl, Louise Weber. Only sixteen, life had scarcely begun for her and while many envied the groom, the world-wise congratulated the bride on being chosen by a man of such highly cultivated intellect. Mr. Markscheffel was a prom-

inent man, and wealthy. The ceremony over, the couple passed out to the strains of the wedding march, and the first chapter was ended.

Years passed; the girl of sixteen, in the companionship and under the guidance of her husband, a man of learning, had developed into a woman whose character and intellect had grown into higher ideals of life.

During these years misfortunes came, riches took wings, and Mrs Markscheffel felt herself fortunate in finding a place upon the Sunday Journal, where she assumed charge of the Society department, conducting for years the arduous labors with a force and vigor that gave eclat and interest to the pages over which she presided. She contributed to other journals and magazines with success, but failing health demanded rest and she retired from all active interest in literary work, finding in a chosen circle of friends that loyal devotion and love which filled her last years with tender appreciation and her memory, with fond affection.

MISS FLORENCE BLACKFORD

SUCCEEDING Mrs. Harley Porter, as Society Editor upon the old Commercial, when it was purchased by Hiram Crouse of Findlay, was Miss Florence Blackford of Findlay, who, with others came with the new editor and owner. From her first days here, Miss Blackford's fine intellectual abilities made her a factor in the literary circles of Toledo. Although she had attended the College of Hancock County, she was self-educated, in the acquirement of a fund of information. Her History of the Pioneers of Hancock County, written with that sympathetic touch, which appeals so strongly to the love of kindred, is a valued book to the descendants of those early settlers. Mathematics, History, and a variety of other subjects covering such a wide field—that her mind was a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge and so classified in her memories, as to be an infallible authority. She is a linguist, having made herself familiar with several languages. Her letters from Europe were finely descriptive; with her culture, broad intel-

ligence and deep study of the peoples of the earth, she saw nothing to ridicule or sneer at, in the customs or religious observances of foreign nations—like some shallow, half-educated travelers who have not the intelligence to understand; are not idealists; and lacking cannot see the beauty of transforming common, every-day incidents to spiritual or mystical symbols.

The Gallery of "Leaders Among Toledo Women"—a collection of about 100 pictures of Toledo women, with short sketch attached, was a clever feature of the Times-Bee in 1905—that no other woman but Miss Blackford could have managed. She returned finally to Findlay, and continued in the newspaper field, with marked success.

MISS GERTRUDE CLARK

Theresa Clark, one of the Writers' Club—1902—Miss Gertrude Theresa Clark, one of the Writers' Club's first Secretaries, was such a gentle, quiet girl, so unassuming, that her gift of melodious verse was almost a sealed treasure to the public; to me, at least. In the long illness before she left us, we came to know and appreciate the tenderness of her life and work. A book of poems published in 1901 beautifully illustrated by a Toledo artist and close friend, Miss Anna Thorne, was dedicated to "Anna Louise Thorne, who for twenty years has filled my life with happiness." This is a gracious tribute to their friendship. The volume of "Heart Songs" is just what its title would indicate. But there also are many humorous verses, especially representing "Child Life." When ten years old Miss Clark wrote a "Satire Upon Spring," revealing her sense of wit, and humor. A new edition of her book—"Heart Songs"—was issued, and it is well worth having in one's library.

ELIZABETH AYRES

In THIS group of women is one whose writings meant sympathy, charity, and a plea for noble motives, the lack of which, with that keen insight into human nature which with her gifts of penetration she found, alas, too often; I refer to Elizabeth Ayres who, while with us, brightened many dark days, when reading her "Page" in the Blade. One always turned to it with pleasure, anticipating something out of the ordinary, these articles, whether the "Poets Corner" where she gathered the songs of long ago—doing graceful homage to forgotten writers—or, the clever portrayal of character—or sparkling paragraphs scattered like pearls over the page, or, it might be a visit with the happy-golucky Mrs. Cassidy and her equally optimistic friend, Mrs. Donovan, whose exchange of opinions and adventures were so humorous and true to nature, that they must have been copied from "real life." She had the power of description to a wonderful degree, in her short stories, giving such vivid touches, that its realism stood like a picture before our mental vision—leaving a lasting memory of the story.

Elizabeth Ayres had the gift of music in her soul, and when seated at the instrument, was lost to all the world, in the harmonies, that spoke to her through its tones. Judge O'Brien O'Donnell, knowing the charity inherent in her nature, often called upon her for service in helping humanity—a call she never refused. The brave, sweet soul of Elizabeth Ayres has taught us kindness, charity and toleration, which is the Gospel of Love; so well expounded in her distinguished aunt—Miss Bouton.

MRS. MARGARET LAWLESS

THE WIFE of Dr. James Lawless, is a gifted song-bird of verses; but, the cares of a large family, six sons having called her "Mother," all of them inherit, more or less, the talents of their brilliant, poetical mother. Owing to impaired vision Mrs. Lawless has not attempted to write of late. Her poems always accepted, their literary excellency of such high merit and sentiment so fine, it is the world's loss,

that Mrs. Lawless should live apart from active life in the world of letters. I was fortunate in possessing this tender and exquisite poem. Would I could secure more, but, alas, I could not; here appended is this one:

DREAMS

Blessed be God for sleep, and sleep for dreams;
And blessed be dreams that warm us when a-cold,
Set weary feet in springtime's vanished ways,
And grant to age youth's very heart of gold.

For in our dreams is knowledge banished quite; No sorrow hangs above us, like a cloud To hide the sun, or chill its rapturous warmth; Dreams are the miracles God hath allowed.

To set at naught the laws of time and change,
And to restore the lost, estranged and dead;
To touch our hands with hands that are no more,
To mingle hearts with hearts whose pulse has fled.

To shrivel up the utmost length of space,

The utmost span of time to annihilate,
In dreams 'tis but a step across the world,

A year is but a vanished throb of fate.

—Margaret H. Lawless in Boston Pilot.

Many times Mrs. Lawless has contributed to leading magazines—in years gone by—Scribner's, Harper's, the Century. I think she never experienced rejections.

MRS. MARY FRANCES CROSBY

SUCCEEDED her hister, Maud Noteman, on the Commercial, shortly after her marriage to Mr. Gurney—where she remained until the advent of Mr. Crouse of Findlay—who brought his staff with him. In 1904 Mrs. Crosby accepted a position from Mr. Bloomer, as City Editor upon the News. At that time there were only two women known to be acting as City Editors, and they were in Cleveland. Women doing the same work as men received little more than half the sum paid

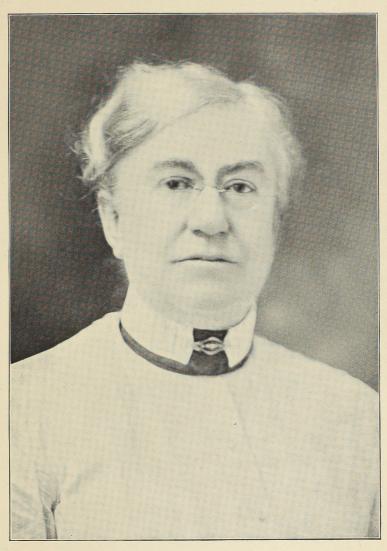
the men. Half a score of the successful young men of today received their training under the kindly guidance of Mrs. Crosby, and gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness. Among the number of her "boys," as she called them, was Edward Noteman Moore, Telegraph Editor at one time of the Cleveland Plain Dealer; Ed. Kelsey, later Traffic Manager, Traction Company, and since upward and on, he has climbed the ladder; George Rowsey Pulford, Sporting Editor of the Blade; C. D. Lee, who became President of United Press Association, New York; Ralph Janney, who secured a fine position in western New York.

Mrs. Crosby at one time was Managing Editor of The Weekly World, published in Toledo; devoted herself to the work, over which she had full control.

MRS. CLAUDE QUIGLEY MURPHY

NOW a resident of New York City—was, I may say, sponsor for my first efforts, when I began to think of gratifying my life-long ambition—to write.

Mrs. Murphy, with Miss Hackedorn published a magazine, of interest to women, of course, and she kindly gave me some advertising to secure, and also, with it, some valuable and necessary advice. Mrs. Murphy was years in advance of the Women's Movement in Toledo—in those far off days. Indifferent to criticism (there was plenty of that), endowed with determination, and faithful to the cause of Woman's Political Advancement—she persevered, and because she has vision, she is today an authority on Economics. Most modestly she refrains from any self adulation; but has sent me two or three books of which she is the author. Especially shall I mention a volume on Penmanship, the value of clear, distinct formation of the letters in correspondence, both public and private; if her ideas were carried out, what grateful hearts many would have. Many men prominent in Finance, Politics and Litera-



MRS. CLAUDIA QUIGLEY MURPHY



ture have written her personal letters, commending her book. The place she fills is unique, and she has seen the victory for our sex, and rejoices in it.

MISS JANE BROWNLEE

ISS BROWNLEE is the author of one or more books, explaining 1 the "Brownlee System in Education." Most conscientious, Miss Brownlee saw the need, ave, the necessity of giving a moral uplift to the growing mind of the youths who came under her charge, as Principal of Lagrange Street School. I shall give an extract from an article by Miss Emily Bouton, in Ohio Woman's Magazine, in which she speaks in highest terms of the work done by the Principal, Jane Brownlee. "It consists of a system of daily lessons in ethics, was introduced more than a decade ago, and has proved a remarkable success; has stood the test of time, and has spread to many cities," says Miss Bouton:- "Just before the World War, one of the few beginnings in this direction was then known as the 'Brownlee System of Child Culture'. This work evolved by Miss Brownlee was the result of practical experience and conscientious effort of a mind controlled by love of children, and a desire to create right thoughts in the mind of the young pupil. To plant the seed in the first flush of the day—the morning hours, when the body is unwearied by study or play, pliable and fresh; thus ready to receive impressions that would last during the day. A loftiness of purpose, and a great moral uplift naturally results, even in the most indifferent child. To gain a full appreciation of this System, I would refer you to her interesting little book (it may be had at our Public Library), wherein she describes with great simplicity and directness her system;" and then goes on to tell how La Grange City was created and modeled: whereby children are shown what good government means in a city-and of the necessity of a loyal and useful citizen. Miss Brownlee continues to write, and has great and unbounded faith in the right training of the child.

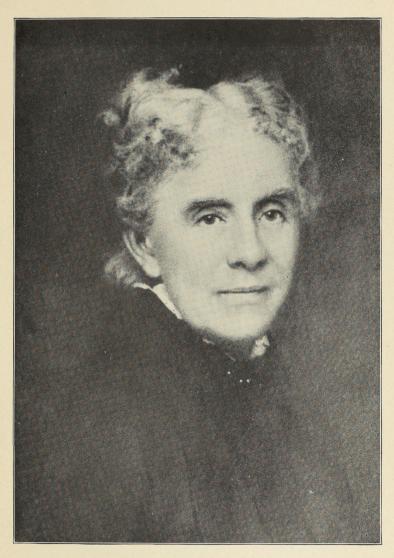
MRS. IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Is A NAME to conjure by; her rise as a newspaper woman and writer, has been almost meteoric, her success phenomenal. She began her work on the Toledo Blade, about the time I began my work on the Commercial. She had been called the best looking woman who ever did newspaper work in Toledo. Remember, I am only quoting; as to my opinion, she was a handsome woman, yet there were many to claim the crown of pulchritude. She had a brilliant mind, a capacity for hard work, and that she achieved much, is well known. Her scope was broad and covered many fields of literary endeavor. I may add, she won her spurs, yet rests not on her laurels, continuing along lines she finds congenial.

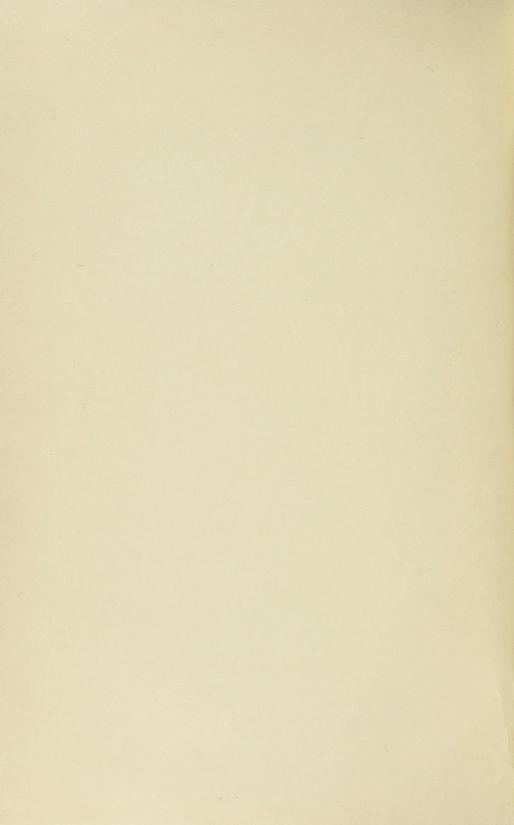
MRS. FRANCES D. JERMAIN

IN COUNTING the years since I first knew Mrs. Jermain, I have lost the record—it may have been thirty, or it may have been longer—but, if it had been a hundred, there was in her character that strong, yet sweet natured courtesy that marked the gentlewoman, and with an individuality that would always retain her picture in my memory. In later years I saw her very seldom, but there was always the same kindly, cordial hand clasp, the same interest concerning my welfare, and ever the pleasant impression of sincerity. Desiring fuller information than I had, I wrote to Mr. Pierre Jermain, her son, concerning details, and he has given me such a beautiful tribute to his mother that I feel it portrays her far more faithfully than any effort of mine could do, so I will quote from his letter, for which I am under great obligations:

"Concerning my mother's writing, I would say that she had no especial preparation for what she undertook, in all of her intellectual work. While thoroughly, yes, ideally domestic in her tastes, and devoted to these duties, for a long part of her early and mature life, she read Huxley and Tyndall while she rocked the cradle. Her literary bent was toward the sciences and archaelogy, but her knowledge of books was very



MRS. FRANCES D. JERMAIN



comprehensive throughout the entire field of intellectual attainment. She was remarkably versatile. Her first contribution was published in the old Toledo Commercial, and consisted of special articles upon many topics, including book reviews, domestic economy and sanitation. She prepared at that period (1876) the highly useful work known as the Home Cook Book, of which there were several editions in Toledo and Chicago.

"She soon after began her work in the upbuilding of the Toledo Public Library, and upon that subject, I desire to refer you to the preface, in the "Path of the Alphabet," a copy of which I send you herewith, with the cordial good wishes of our family.

"This work she wrote while engaged in the busy life of a growing public library which did not give her mind opportunity for other writing. However, she was creating forces, training and guiding minds, making literary material and history through others during those years from which I believe there has been a rich harvest for the good of common welfare. This, above all things, kept the library a wholesome and inspiring mental influence, keeping a very watchful eye upon the erotic in literature so harmful to the young. Her Toledo Library catalog was a very comprehensive and model work of its kind, and of great value to the public and that institution. During these years she took active part in the meetings of the New Century club, and contributed papers upon various subjects.

"After she retired from nearly 25 years of service in the public library, she wrote a series of articles entitled "Little Lessons in Meteorology and Physics," highly useful to young students, which was published in the Toledo Sunday Times."

Quoting from "In the Path of the Alphabet" to which Mrs. Jermain was adding the pages, and which she was destined not to see published, has become a labor of love accomplished by her son, S. P. Jermain.

The following is added here: "In one of the closing days of August, 1905, the author of this, Frances D. Jermain, received the summons of her Maker, to join the silent majority. The call came

suddenly, finding her in the full possession of her remarkable intellectual powers and with the ambition yet to do."

"In the Path of the Alphabet" is a remarkable and original book, a study in archaelogy, and a beautiful and lasting monument to her memory."

An enduring testimonial to Mrs. Jermain is the Carnegie Library, in memory of her 25 years of service to the higher needs of Toledo's reading public.

MRS. JEANNIE WIGHT PAUL

ATHERING materials for this paper, now put into book Grom, has been largely a labor of love, in giving expression to my admiration of the talents and character of these women whom it has been my peculiar good fortune to have known, some intimately, and others who are friends of later years. Of the former, I speak of my own knowledge; of the latter, I had to make appeal to themselves for information concerning their earlier years, before destiny had brought them, in benign and gracious mood, to adorn and stimulate the literary forces of our city. The responses have been given with the charming courtesy of one receiving a favor rather than bestowing one. This will explain why in her own delightful way I have the liberty of presenting Mrs. Jeannie Wight Paul's letter, just as it came to me, and I am sure every one will enjoy reading it, as I enjoyed reading it. She says, "When young, I rhymed my sayings constantly; I longed to be a poetess. When 15 years of age. I read Miss Landon's, Mrs. Heman's and Mrs. Sigourney's poetical works. In 1849, living in the little dead town of Galena, Ill., they called me in the one paper, a daily, the poetess of the village. My subjects were of the marriages, deaths and other happenings in the little town. Removing to Cincinnati some years later, my life was too full of realities and domestic duties to indulge in rhythmic pleasures. Later the family removed to Stockbridge, Mass. For two or three years I was a constant contributor to "The Home Journal," edited by N. P. Willis,

who was a fine poet. The paper was the fashionable paper of those times in New York, introducing the Sorosis and the 'Carey' sisters to the public. My writings were in prose: comic letters to the 'Four Hundred.' After this the 'muse' was silent.

"In 1885 I visited the first woman's club, in Pittsburg. Then the muse awoke, and sang as of yore, it may have been discordantly, but, she warbled, or warbled perchance.

"In 1891 I arrived in Toledo. For years the muse was as silent as 'the harp that hangs in Tara Hall,' until I met Miss Blackford, who was at that time the Society Editor of the Toledo Times. Again the muse kindly gave consent, and I commenced to write. Miss Blackford was my inspiration and my critic. For some months I wrote a poem for each week. Then in prose gave chatters, Christmas, Lenten, Easter, club, political chatters, interpretations of colors, of flowers, etc. 'June Roses,' 'A Perfect Day,' and 'The Call of the Flowers' are some of my poems. It is my intention to make a little printed volume as keepsakes for some of my friends. When Miss Blackford left here for her home in Findlay the inspiration took wings, and the muse died. But never can I be sufficiently grateful to Miss Blackford for the encouragement and opportunity she gave me to develop my rhythmic desire into full blossomed content.

MRS. THOMAS BLACKWELL

LOOKING through my library one day, for a favorite book, I came across two little volumes published by Toledo women, whose names probably are remembered only by a very few friends and relatives. One little book, without title, simply "Poems" with the name in small print, "Mrs. Thomas Blackwell," and these four lines on the first page—

"We count our years by our heartbeats, By our hours of joy and pain; By the dreams that we dream that vanish And never come back again."

These introduce the reader to the 50 pages of verses, many of which had appeared in Toledo papers. The "Ode', written to Queen Victoria when crowned, another "To Lady Flora Hastings," while another dedicated to "Two Lovely Schoolmates, Who Are Buried in Kenyon Churchyard, Cornwall, England," indicate the nationality and patriotism of the authoress to those who had not known her. But, to me, she was a familiar figure on the streets, always with two or three of her little ones clinging to her skirts, never separated from the little mother. Her fresh, rosy complexion and quaint costume marked her as foreign, and English. For years, she gave music lessons. Like everyone, I knew, yet I never spoke to her until the day in 1884, when she came to sell a copy of her She was evidently an educated and accomplished woman, whom circumstances had placed in a different position from that in which she had spent her earlier years. Although her verses have no special merit or originality, she has claims to be considered here, as of that early period, some time in the sixties, when she first came to Toledo. Her husband was sexton at Trinity Church for years.

MISS MARY A. A. DAWSON

THE OTHER book to which I referred, was published in 1876 by Mary A. A. Dawson, a collection of — as she describes it — "Puzzles and Oddities Found Floating in Our Current Literature; or Tossed to Dry Land by the Waves of Memory." Nearly 200 pages are devoted to charades, conundrums, enigmas, riddles, acrostics, anagrams (a transposition of letters), parodies, dialects, fables, and other curiosities from the French, German, Spanish, and other languages, beside the English. In all, over a thousand curiosities of this character are given, with a key appended, which is fortunate for those interested in solving the puzzling mysteries of the book.

Miss Dawson, before coming West, had been a teacher at Sackett's Harbor, Lockport, Addison, Syracuse and Dunkirk. During these years her literary and social merits won her the friendship of many well

known and highly esteemed public characters. Among these was the Hon. Everett Smith, Charles Dudley Warner, and the poet, William H. Burleigh. With the last named, her acquaintance began, it is believed, during his residence in Syracuse, about 1850, and for some years was a very close friendship. The last edition of his poems, 1871, contains a sonnet addressed to her, written after years of separation, when its author was ignorant of her dwelling place, yet paying an eloquent tribute to her memory. She was a gifted correspondent, and her many unpublished letters and sketches have a charming literary style. One of her poems, which has shared the fate of "Beautiful Snow," in being claimed by several would-be authors (a sweet girl graduate of the South, among them), is named "The Gem Seeker." Some have named it "The Pearl Diver," retaining the verses, just as she wrote them. I am tempted to give the following, showing rhythm of the lines:

"On the sandy shores of ocean,
Where the green waves gently swell,
Rises many a humble cottage
Where the poor pearl diver dwells.
Seeking pearls from day to day,
'Till their being wears away,
Or the gently swelling waves
Closing o'er them, is their grave.

"In the depths of Mind's vast ocean,
We are seeking pearls like them,
In times golden sands are seeking
Many a priceless, precious gem.
Seeking, too, in wisdom's mines,
With such treasures richly fraught,
Where truth's radiance sweetly shows—
Ever gems of thought!"

Miss Dawson, I am sure, is not forgotten by the men and women of today, who were her pupils in the Grammar School over 40 years ago; and who, I am sure will admit, that what she demanded from them in conduct, in character, in truth and honesty, has made them fearless for right and justice. Although a very dear friend of mine, I some times stood rather in awe of her, for she was so scrupulously exact, that

embellishments in story or statement were questioned by a glance from the dark eyes behind the glasses, that clipped the wings of imagination, and made the tale a plain, unvarnished truth. I somewhere have a picture of Miss Dawson. It shows a placid, fair face, with long side curls, reminding one of Miss Gaskell's heroines. During the months of her long illness she arranged her possessions, many of them treasured letters from Charles Dickens, Thackeray and other writers of her younger days, and every friend received a souvenir after her death. To me, there came a copy of a famous painting, with the last written message. This was about 1876 or 1877.

MRS. M. A. NOTEMAN

The earlier years of 1860 and occasionally until 1885, the poems of Maud Mirror were published in the Sunday Journal, Commercial, Blade, Bee, Telegram, and papers in Detroit. They evoked much interest and curiosity, but only a few friends knew that Mrs. M. A. Noteman was the author. She came from Lansing with her family in 1885. Her mental attributes were of a high order. She was a woman of exalted character, and noble qualities of heart and mind, but living within the zone of her domestic circle, where as wife, and mother, she gave devoted and loving service; the world knew little of her, hiding her identity behind the nom de plume of "Maud Mirror," she seemed indifferent because she wrote not for fame, but to give expression to her deeper feelings. She died April 24, 1895.

MRS. MAUD NOTEMAN GURNEY

INHERITING the literary tastes and talents of her mother, Mrs. Maud Noteman, she was naturally attracted to newspaper work, and as "Aunt Maud" was well known and loved by readers of the Bee, specially by the children, for whom she arranged the children's column in the Saturday edition. She was editor of the social column, clubs and

other society affiliations, an all around newspaper writer. She contributed articles for the Saturday Bee—one which I remember for its tender, delicate sentiment, called "The Old Piano."

She was married the autumn of 1890, to Mr. Harry Gurney, but continued her work for some time, loath to leave an atmosphere so congenial to her tastes. But new responsibilities filled the days, with the duties of her quiet domestic life, where loving and beloved she passed a few happy years, and then joined her mother in the Silent Land.

MRS. SOPHIE FREEMAN WALDRON

A TOLEDOAN, of an old and distinquished family, she conducted a Household Department in the Blade called "The Merry-Go-Round." Her title being Assistant Household Editor. She had a humorous style, fine and keen wit, that only could emanate from a woman of Mrs. Waldron's nature. Modest and retiring, she never sought publicity. Honoring that rare trait, one meets to seldom, I shall add, just this that she was an honored member of the Toledo Writers' Club, and one of its early members.

MRS. A. P. STEVENS

N OW that we have a Judge of Domestic Relations, where formerly Judge O'Brien O'Donnell was Judge of Juvenile Home, called "Detention Home," it may not be known, that a former Ohio newspaper woman, the late Mrs. A. P. Stevens, once associate editor of the Toledo Bee, was the first person to start the movement which resulted in juvenile courts for Chicago, and the state of Illinois. Also, I shall add that Ohio newspaper women have in the last 20 years raised the standard of Ohio newspapers, now, that the papers are better fitted to enter our homes, because women are employed on the staffs.

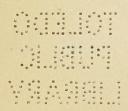
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MRS. JULIA RICE SENEY

F^{EW} women have filled with such success the varied positions which have made the life history of Mrs. Julia Rice Seney. In the early years of her girlhood, as the youngest child of C. H. Rice, President of the bank at Ottawa, sunshine and happiness was her portion.

Shortly after her graduation from a four years' course at Vermillion Institute, she married Joshua Robert Seney. During the happy years of her married life, she was always interested, secondarily to her domestic duties, in charitable and literary work, and made notable achievement in the latter field. She was Assistant State Inspector, and later assistant instituting and installing officer in Woman's Relief Corps. During the World's Fair at Chicago, Mrs. Seney was honored with the appointment of "hostess for Ohio," the duties of which position she discharged with the courtesy for which she has always been distinguished. At the close of the fair she assumed the position of associate editor on the Courier-Journal, for which she had been writing descriptive letters from Chicago during the fair. Here during the years 1893-'94 she found a congenial field for the decided literary ability which she possessed in an eminent degree. Mrs. Seney resigned this position to accept the superintendency of the registry division of the Toledo post office, an appointment by the direct instance of President Cleveland, the only woman to hold such a position in a first-class post office. For the five years of Mrs. Seney's incumbency, the able management placed its record upon the highest. The fact that the department held her resignation for three months, before accepting it, showed high approval of her efficiency in the conduct of the office. Her own business interests requiring her attention, Mrs. Seney also took charge of real estate transactions for clients, who had no reason to regret their reliance upon her capable administration of affairs.

Mrs. Seney was always interested in literary pursuits, until later years she withdrew from many activities, except social demands. Her home was always a center for refined entertainments, where many notables were hospitably entertained at delightful functions. For years





MRS. JULIA RICE SENEY



she had been an ardent devotee of Shakespeare, for three years having been an instructor of a large Shakespeare class, and was not only a member of the advisory board of Lucas County Children's Home, but also of the Press Club, the Writers' Club, D. A. R., and Ohio Newspaper Woman's Association.

MRS. M. J. CRAVENS

A S A companion picture worthy to be placed beside Mrs. Paul, I will give a poem written by one of the sweetest women, Mrs. M. J. Cravens, whose "cup of sorrow was remembering happier things." Only a few months before I first met her, she had been bereaved of a beloved daughter, Daisy; her husband, the Rev. Charles Cravens, before his death, had had this poem published. This is the record of her daughter's life, her only child. On the title page the lines: The eager fate that carried thee—took the larger part of me," was the story of the mother's desolate life. She was the object of care and protecting love from a few dear friends, who remained faithful to the end. This is the poem:

EASTER

From out the sky—from out the earth, Bright Easter comes to every soul, The winter passeth with its dearth, And springtime glories, sweet unroll.

The buds awake—the lilies bloom— The homing birds gay carols sing; New life bursts forth from wintry tomb; In all the earth, dear joy bells ring.

The spirit brightens with the hour, New wakens love, makes glad the days. As life's new quickening, leavening power, All nature's forces, sweetly sways.

And the dear Christ spirit comes, From out the death-enfolding night, To ward and fill all hearts and homes With brighter hopes, more heavenly light.

O'er all above, beneath, around, New glories bright are richly worn; New trust, new joys, new hopes abound, With Easter's Resurection Morn!

With this beautiful poem of the Easter-tide, came a little note from the poet: she said, "According to Dr. Oliver W. Holmes, I am very much too far along (now 86) to write anything worth publishing, but I send these verses to you for your paper—or not—as you please."

As if any paper would "please" to withhold such an Easter message—surely one of the sweetest ever penned. And if Dr. Holmes believed that age can wither a heart kept warm with the pure joy of living, or stale a mind open to appreciation of every good thing in God's beautiful world, he had not read aright the Christ teaching, that every day is a day of resurrection, the day to arise from dead thoughts, to ease off the trappings of fear, and come forth transformed, by the renewing of the mind, new men and new women on each new day.

MRS. GRACE DUFFIE-ROE—MRS. ISADORE MINER

DURING the time of Mr. P. C. Boyle, when he was manager of the old Commercial, Mrs. Grace Duffie-Roe, conducted the society and news of clubs, in her department—and at that time, also, on the Commercial was Mrs. Isadore Miner, whose specialty was the children, hygiene and kindred subjects—both were clever, brilliant women. When the Vortriedes bought the Commercial, Mrs. Miner went to Dallas, Texas, where she held a leading position on a Dallas paper, became prominent as a leader in Woman's Writers' Clubs, and other organizations. She married Mr. Callaway, and since which time I have heard nothing of her, but possess several poems writter by her, which were copied in northern papers. I shall give two entitled "Morning" and "Evening."

Grace Duffie Roe went to Chicago. Her poems also came drifting back from the Inter-Ocean, one describing a visit to the "Old House," would find an echo in many lives, when after the lapse of years there comes a visit to the old homestead. She gathered the songs of long ago—doing graceful homage to forgotten things and scenes.

THE OLD HOUSE

Cold and cheerless, bare and bleak, The old house fronts the shabby street; And the dull windows eastward gaze, As their cobwebbed brows they raise, Just as though they looked to see What had become of you and me And all the other children.

The garden at the side—you know Where mother's flowers used to grow—Has run as wild as we'd have grown If we had not her training known; The vines she bent twine 'round each tree As cling her prayers to you and me And all the other children.

Over the eaves wrinkled and bare
The gray moss floats like tangled hair.
If we had heard these echoes flung
Down the long halls when we were young,
We'd never skerried off to bed—
You and I, through the gloom o'erhead,
With all the other children.

On our wide orbs the eyes of night Gazed softly with mesmeric light; When mother bent above our bed The silver moonlight touched her head, And in my dreams her face I'd see Madonna-like shine over me—Shine over all her children.

The dust drifts o'er the garret floor, The little feet tread there no more; But o'er the stage still standing there The Muse first stalked with tragic air, And whispered low to you and me Of golden days that were to be For us, and all the children.

Good bye, old house. Thy tattered cloak
Is fringed with moss, and gray with smoke;
Within thy walls we used to see
A gaunt old wolf named Poverty;
Yet from thy rafters' dingy bars
A ladder stretched up to the stars
For us—and all the children.

-Grace Duffie-Roe in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Some years later, she married Mr. Boyle and New York became her home, engaged on an insurance journal, she married the editor, Mr. Gildarte; who died after a few years of their marriage, leaving her sole owner of the magazine, which she, I believe, continued with great success. At the same time contributing to the eastern press. She wrote a most popular drama, the name of which I cannot recall. The two writers were only en passant, but still they should be included here.

MORNING

Far over the hills from out of the East,
Comes the bright winged Angel Day;
The clouds she blew from her finger-tips
While the sea and the sky; where the azure
Blushed at the touch of her ruby lips,
And the valley mist, by their sweetness kissed,
Silently floated away.

She brushed the dew from the sleeping flowers,
She gave the birds a warning;
She breathed on the air, and a soft breeze crept,
Into the room where the children slept,
They woke with its touch, and from Dreamland stept,
To the casement bright, and with glad delight,
Uttered a sweet "Good morning!"

EVENING

The sun's last rays aslant the hills Have turned to purple, blue; The half-grown moon, like a silver boat, In a cloudy sea is set afloat; The song has died in the day bird's throat, The whip-poor-will sounds his plaintive note; And the old owl asks "Who?"

The valley mist to a bridal veil
Is changed by the mellow light;
'Neath a dewy spread are the flowers
And the weary children seek their rest,
As tired birds to the mother's breast;
The breath of the rose steals to their nest,
And murmurs a soft "Good night!"

-S. Isadore Miner.

Many later writers of prominence have come before the public of Toledo, since I first put on paper these women of long ago—some of them; others, not so long. I began this collection twelve years past, and it has remained as it then was; no additions. I leave that to younger and more virile authors, as this closes my galaxy of Toledo Women Writers.

There was Lida Whitfield Wright, Jessie Perigo-Oliphant prominent in Club work.

Mrs. Florence Rosenthal Kahn, Maud Dutton, Maud Wood Henry of the Blade, now most successful as a writer of verse—Grace Rigby—whose talent was pronounced, and Grace Jennings Landon, Josephine Thrall, Florence Wilkinson, from New Orleans, had a brief sojourn in Toledo, as a writer on the Courier, Sunday Journal—there, she demonstrated the evidences of a mind cultivated to a degree of excellence; with all the charm and warmth of her Southern inheritance, only a brief career, and death absolved her from all ties.

MRS. ESTHER C. JENNINGS

ONE of the most intellectual and brilliant Emerson scholars of America is Mrs. Esther C. Jennings. She is of Massachusetts heredity, educated at Derby academy, Bingham, Mass., and at Cazenovia

seminary, New York. Mrs. Jennings for four years consecutively conducted Emerson and Browning classes in the city of Toledo, her published articles are mainly interpretations of these authors. Two of her contributions made severally to Unity Magazine of Chicago, and the Unitarian of Boston, and entitled "A Word to the Beginner in Browning," and "Some Ethical Aspects of Browning's Philosophy," were included in the Boston Browning library catalog of 1896. A rare honor that, and one highly appreciated, with such names as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William J. Rolfe, Hiram Carson, and other literary celebrities. Mrs. Jennings has delivered courses of lectures in Toledo, upon the following subjects: Emerson, Browning, Carlyle, Ruskin, Maeterlinck, Tolstoi, Rossetti, Thoreau, Tennyson, etc.

She has especially emphasized in paper and print, the writings of Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Edward Carpenter, Metchinikoff.

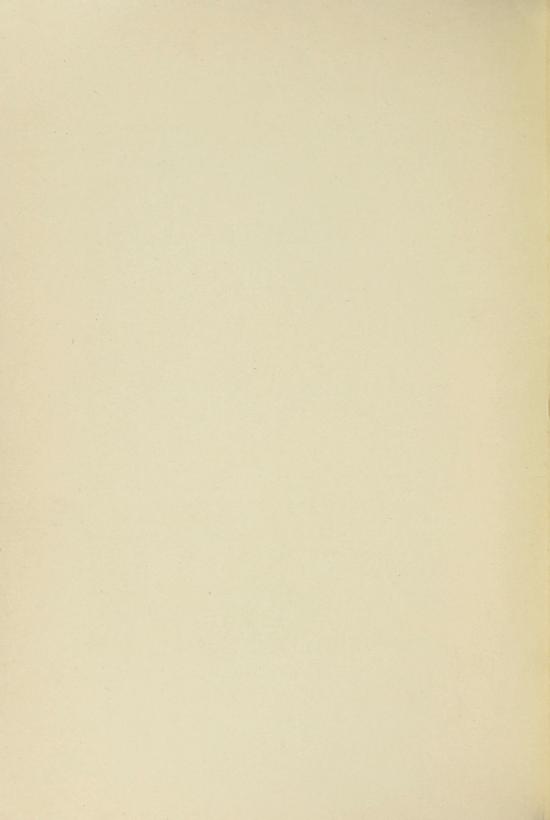
Mrs. Jennings has delivered single lectures upon Browning's "Ring and the Book," "Pippa Passes," "Browning as We Know Him," and also Emerson lectures in Toledo and other cities. Of miscellaneous articles contributed to societies and clubs are included such subjects as "Educational Values," "The Unity of Knowledge," "Edward Carpenter's Art of Creation," and "Metchinikoff's Prolongation of Life."

Regarding one of Mrs. Jennings' articles published in Unity, Chicago, Mr. Frederick Starr, the associate editor, and professor in Chicago University, wrote to her, "Your interpretation of Emerson is the best that I have seen." Mrs. Jennings' style is unique and charming with a force and deep insight into these authors that few possess. This short extract from Mrs. Jennings upon Emerson will show her style: "Emerson was a seer, not a theologian. He was not a system builder, but a mystic. He was not interested in sectarianism, he joyfully accepted the underlying truths in all the sects; he loved the good in all religions. He would unify them all upon the common basis of love and good works." He once wrote: "I have very good ground for being a Unitarian and a Trinitarian, too, I need not nibble forever at one loaf but eat it, and thank God for it and earn another."

"The facts that Emerson early withdrew from the church, and



MRS. ESTHER C. JENNINGS



that he gradually abandoned the outward compulsions of religion, have led many to regard him as a skeptic and an unbeliever, an Agnostic. He never rejected the truth of religion, but he did ignore its dogmas and historic claims. In laying aside the forms of prayer as effete and outgrown, he did not cease to believe in prayers as a silent communion with God, or in man's need of Divine guidance. Religious principles. he believed, were immortal and universal; forms of faith were provisional and changeable. The religion of the soul, for which Emerson lived and died, may not represent the popular view as most people stand in need of history and definite statement. There are very few of us who can plant ourselves upon our religious instincts, and there abide without some prop or pillar to lean against. Very few, as yet, have found the God of the soul, the one and only life. But, believe me, friends, whoever knows the eternal has already tasted immortality, because only that immortal in man can enable him to know immortality. And the doorway is through the divine, universal love, and the life of all things is love."

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON

WHEN I asked Miss Bouton to give me the place of her nativity, I naturally expected she would answer, "Connecticut," for although in her early childhood she was transplanted to the West, there has always been, throughout all her writings that fine, high adherence to the real and true, that marks the New England conscience, ever reaching for the higher ideals.

It is well for us that Emily St. John Bouton came to Toledo. After spending some years in Sandusky, then in Chicago, from where she wrote weekly letters to the Blade, even then she must have felt that strong attraction that was a prophecy that Toledo was to be her future home. At this period a journey to California postponed, but did not interfere with the destiny that finally gave her to us. Since that time she has been our very own, she belongs to us, we are proud of the repu-

tation and fame she has won in the world of letters, and we love her for her own gracious personality.

For a short space of time Miss Bouton was on the corps of the High School teachers, but the creative genius that longed for expression in literature would not be denied, and resigning her position she took charge of the Household Department of the Toledo Blade. As I remember she was very much criticised for this step, as teaching was considered a woman's highest vocation, and to voluntarily exchange it for a position upon a newspaper was pronounced sheer madness, but to the woman who had written a novel when she was ten years old, there was no mistake in yielding to the call of literature, and the success and honor that has crowned her, proves she had chosen wisely, and found the sphere for which her talents and nature designed her. Endowed with sensibility and sympathy, her writings found an echo in every heart; the happy optimism of her messages fell like a benediction upon thousands of weary, discouraged, hopeless women whose dreary lives had almost blotted out the light of heaven.

From the mining towns and camps on the Pacific, from the barren deserts of the West, and it boundless prairies, even the frozen regions of the Canadas and British America, including the pineries of Maine to the swamps of Florida, and from far Australia, came the heartsick, pathetic letters, eloquent with gratitude and loving appreciation to the writer, whose pages in the Blade had brought comfort, sympathy and sunshine into their lonely, homesick lives. The power of bringing such happiness into the desolate places of the earth is the highest, sweetest form of love—and the noblest use of a divine gift. Is not this true philanthropy?

The same hand that wrote the gospel of love, penned the Sophronisby letters—which were delightful in their humorous dissertations and laughter-provoking incidents. The Blade was never more popular as when Miss Bouton presided over its pages. It was almost as good as reading a book, to read her review of it. She had the instinctive insight to present the salient points of each publication. And how barren of interest seemed the Blade, when some years ago, after a serious illness, Miss Bouton resigned her position, a place no one else could fill.

Into the rest and leisure of the new life came opportunity to prepare a series of lectures in which were woven the same kindly, loving spirit, to help in broadening life, and teaching the gospel of faith and hope and love and how "To gain Life's Prizes" and kindred themes—made them the success that was anticipated.

Beside the poems, contributed to magazines, Miss Bouton in 1897 published "Life's Gateway, or How to Win Real Success," made up of essays that have appeared from time to time in the Blade, designed to aid those who are weary, to bear their burdens more patiently, and encouraging the timid to greater courage. A dainty little book in white and green and gold, tells in mystical prose the search for "The Life Joyful" and how the secret was unfolded by the spirits of Love and Service.

Miss Emily Bouton has had bestowed upon her a very unusual honor, that is the degree of President Emeritus of the Toledo Writres' Club, a distinction she shares with no other woman in Toledo.

TRIBUTE TO KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, BY HER DAUGHTER, MRS. LENORE SHERWOOD

MY MOTHER

When things go right,
Or things go wrong,
Whate'er the seasons bring,
Remember solace follows song,
And sing, and sing, and sing.

This little poem was my mother's last Christmas message to me, and it so well expresses her wonderful, her uncompromising optimism that I want to give it to her friends who are mourning. Weep for her, which is human, because even Jesus wept, but do not grieve in the black despair of those who have no hope.

Her last message spoken on her deathbed were words of hope and cheer to her dear ones. "Remember there are no blue days," she said, "only a blue attitude, for life itself is your viewpoint, something you bring to it."

No, there were no blue days, no sad days, for this great loving, indomitable spirit, the personification of courage and strength, because she believed that life was made for loving service. To her, every grief and sorrow was a blessing—every failure an achievement, and she never winced nor cried aloud, but was ever the Captain of her Soul, the Master of her fate.

"I shall face the future unafraid," she said, "open the windows, let light and God stream in."

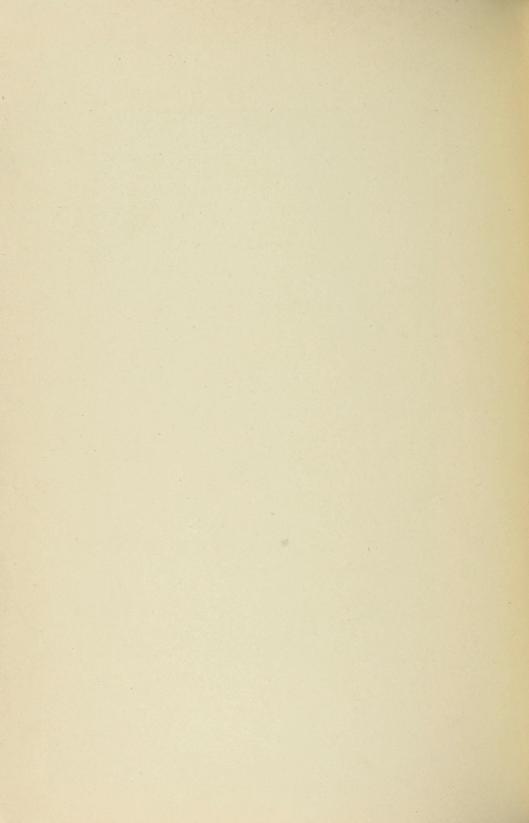
Hanging over her desk, was this motto of Robert Browning, which tells the story of her daily life:

"One who never turned his back,
But marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never feared though right were worsted
Wrong would triumph
Heed, we fall to rise,
Are baffled to fight better,
Sleep, to wake."

Mrs. Lenore Sherwood can scarcely be included in this retrospective story, as she is more in touch with the present and younger women whose genius has won them an enviable place in literature. Though the specialty of Mrs. Sherwood is music, yet her gift of song is balanced by her talent as a ready descriptive writer. All her song recitals are made doubly interesting by her stories of the composer or the meaning expressed in his songs. While studying in New York she was the brilliant correspondent of her father's newspaper, the Canton News-Democrat, and has done notably as a contributor and in assignments. To hear her sing is to apply to her those lines written of Mario: "A single note from that sweet throat, would bring a soul from Purgatory."



MRS. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD



MRS. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

THE history of Toledo would be incomplete and shorn of half its interest did it not include the story of one of Ohio's most gifted daughters: a woman of national prominence - Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, wife of the distinguished Congressman—Honorable Isaac R. Sherwood—a name synonymous with the cause of humanity in its fullest and most philanthropic definition; her name was a familiar household word in our city, known and loved. It had been said of her, that she was born with a pen in her hand. Even when a child before she went to school, she was writing sonnets. When a schoolgirl she wrote her own essays, and those of others while they slept. married the year before her graduation at the Poland Union seminary. Although she was offered the place of teacher of literature when her term was out, she went to Bryan, Ohio, when it was knee-deep in mud, and entered the country printing office of her husband and learned to set type, and every detail of the printer's trade, writing locals and, when her husband went out of town campaigning, writing the editorials as well. When her husband entered the army she continued her work and wrote for Cleveland and Toledo dailies. Later she edited the Toledo Sunday Journal and wrote for Washington, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati and Boston dailies. She was the senior member of newspaper work in Ohio, and her earnings for years were high.

She had published two volumes of patriotic poems and other poems appeared in numerous collections of patriotic and selected poems.

In the photographic history of the Civil War issued by the Review of Reviews, appeared two of her patriotic poems, one celebrating the blue, and the other the gray. She is represented by eight poems in "Poems of Ohio," issued by the Historic and Archaelogic Society of Ohio. She was the organizer of the National Woman's Relief Corps, and was active in the National Council of Women, and university extension work. She contributed to numerous magazines and periodicals. Many of her songs original and translated from the French and German,

appeared in the standard collections of Oliver Ditson and Co., and other publishers. She was a director of the Clara Barton Memorial Association; a member of the advisory committee of the Jefferson Home at Monticello; honorary member of the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World, and a member of the National Committee, Daughters of the American Revolution on Legislation, and the signing of the treaty of Ghent at Washington. Her home was filled, during her residence in Toledo, with souvenirs and testimonials of her work for the Union soldiers and their dependents, a work beyond computing in its blessings for the helpless of youth and age.

She was a member of the Congressional Club at Washington, and an honorary member of the Typographical Union.

She was the founder and honorary president of the Ohio Woman's Association, which meets each year, together with the Ohio Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Sherwood for years, was the Washington correspondent of Toledo newspapers. Her letters were read with greatest interest by Ohio women, who were proud of their accomplished countrywoman, as their representative in the national capital and as one so well fitted to adorn the most brilliant social and political circles of which she was an honored and a charming member, and a welcome guest everywhere. All Toledo mourned when she passed away, and Washington paid high tributes to this eminent woman. I feel that she still lives, her inspiring example is like the cry of "Excelsior". Unselfish, always ready to advance the young writer, by influence and example, she was a loval friend, always showing her appreciation by some graceful act. Her handclasp was warm as her heart. Hospitality with her was a virtue, which she practiced with a graciousness beyond compare. She was a friend in deed-and in word. She was the originator-and I may say—the founder of the Toledo Writers' Club—but persistently refused to act as President, with her usual modesty, preferring the honor to be given to another. Unselfishness was the keynote to her character; what nobler trait, what heights can one reach by what it implies. Her poems are reminders of her thoughts; here is one of retrospection:

AT MY FATHER'S DESK

Cross the meadows comes the call
Of wooing larks and clover-browsing kine,
And scented honeysuckles through the hall
Are mingling memories with the eglantine;
But he who sat to con his papers o'er,
Before this ancient desk, in dusk and dawn,
And emptied cubbies of their red-tape lore,
While wondering eyes of childhood feasted on;
Ah, he of ebon locks and voice of cheer,
He has been journeying this many a year.

And from the whirl of fast pursuing years,

I sit me down in his abandoned chair,
And yield to memories too sweet for tears,
And sense a presence in the vibrant air.
I close my eyes and for a little while
The joys of half-forgotten years I know,
And time and space are blended in a smile,
Evanished in the mists of long ago;
A touch is on my arm—I wake and face
His grandchild's child in my accustomed place.
—Kate Brownlee Sherwood in the Ohio Magazine.

MRS. KATHERINE CALKINS MURPHY

THE MEMORY of Mrs. Katherine Murphy, who for years held the loving regard and sincere admiration of everyone who ever had the good fortune to have known her—and to know her was to love her—and to give her heartiest and loving affection. When I began to gather material for a paper in 1912 I phoned to Mrs. Katherine C. Murphy's residence, to make an engagement to call, and the answer came back, "She has just gone to the hospital!"

Waiting and hoping that she would soon be home again, her own cheery self, I did not attempt to write my recollections of her, until the necessity for closing this article leaves me unprepared with dates

such as she alone could give me, or just giving my own impressions, which is all I have to offer, and I fear I can scarcely do her justice.

During the first years of my newspaper life, I was naturally much interested in women's clubs and societies, and it was then I met Katherine Calkins, who was on the staff of the Toledo Bee. My sympathy often went out to the shy, diffident young girl who always took the most obscure seat, as if trying to escape observation, and as sometimes happened—she was called upon for an expression of opinion—her embarrassment was quite evident, as she attempted, with desperate courage, to give reply, but with experience came confidence, and conscious of her own power, she gradually gained control over the diffidence that was a part of her sensitive nature. It was with great interest that I watched her advance along the lines of intellectual development, until step by step she gained the very summit of successful accomplishment, and with each succeeding year, more conscious of her own great talents, she climbed still higher as a leader among the brightest minds of the day. Any reader of the editorials in the Times during her time with that paper, must acknowledge the strength, depth, lucidity of thought, beauty of expression and sometimes, that subtle touch of sarcasm of which Mrs. Murphy was a master hand.

Surely there is no sex in brain, where productions of such energy and force are the index to a mind capable of still greater work in the future.

Gifted by nature with the wit that sees at a glance what a patient thinker only percieves after laborious thought, she was quick to note the weakness of an argument, and with keen mental strokes combat the theory of an opponent in the field of journalism. In a lighter vein she was equally capable, proving herself a master of satire in depicting the foibles and weakness of society.

As a critic of the drama she displayed unusual power and had time and strength been given her she would in all probability have distinguished herself in the capacity of a writer of plays. Mrs. Murphy inherited her genius for writing from her father who was an attorney, and owner and publisher of a newspaper in Jamestown, Pa. Her early



MRS KATHERINE CALKINS MURPHY



life was spent in that town, and much against her father's will she learned to set type in his newspaper office.

As a girl she began to write for the paper and when her father disposed of it, she became the correspondent of one of the leading dailies of Pittsburgh. Her father died within a few years and the family, which now consisted of the mother and two daughters, removed to Toledo.

Through the efforts of a woman prominent then in newspaper work here, Mrs. Murphy, then Miss Calkins, began her career in her future field as a compositor on the Toledo Bee. Elmer White was the publisher of the paper and associated with him as editorial writer was Mrs. E. C. Tompkins. Mrs. Tomkins recognized the talent possessed by the young girl and took her from the composing room to the editorial and started her in real newspaper work.

It was while engaged on the Toledo Bee that she was married to Michael P. Murphy, then city editor of the paper. Later, Mr. Murphy became the owner of the Sunday Courier and Mrs. Murphy soon became popular through her clever writing which appeared regularly in the Courier. Later the paper was merged with the Sunday Journal and was known as the Courier-Journal. After Mr. Murphy's death, Mrs. Murphy continued the publication of the paper until it was taken over by the Toledo Times. The Times publishers, recognizing her ability, retained her as associate editor, and her reputation grew steadily as one of the most forceful writers of the day.

All her interest, outside of her work, was centered in the little group which made up the family circle, her mother, Mrs. Marie Julian, her sister, Mrs. Florence Ingalls, of the Times, and her nieces, Katherine and Marie Ingalls.

Her steadfast devotion to them, intensified year after year, is best expressed in the last loving message written when she was preparing to leave, for the last time as it proved, the home that sheltered them all. If she returned, it was understood the letter was not to be opened. When the blow that had been threatening for days fell, stilling the strong,

loving heart and voice, this written message was left to comfort them, in a measure at least.

Her letter read in part:

"After people pass out we always say if we only knew what she wanted done.

"Dear ones: THIS is to let you KNOW.

"First, I want my body cremated and scattered to the four winds. I can't have my body put down into the cold ground.

"They always say the best things of you at funerals. I would like Miss Bouton (Miss Emily Bouton), Mrs. Sherwood (Kate Brownlee Sherwood), Mrs. Steinem (Mrs. Pauline Steinem), Mrs. Kline (Mrs. William Kline), or such friends as know the best side of me, to say a few words, and I would like Miss Kathryn Buck to sing 'Abide With Me.'

"Remember my last wish is that you mourn as little as possible. Life is short. Fill it with as many smiles and as few tears as you can. We never regret the sunny places.

* * If there is a conscious existence after death we shall find each other. If there is not, we shall be grateful for a happy family life here. * * * God bless you all."

MRS. ELLA B. MOLLENKOPF

N THE brilliant record of Toledo's women writers, for faithful, honest service, in devotion to and love for books, the impulse to take up newspaper work opened a broader field to Mrs. Ella B. Mollenkopf. "After being engaged in the dry goods business in a small town, for fourteen years, I accepted at once, for necessity often drives, the chance to act as correspondent for the Catholic Universe and this work

gave me a zest for regular newspaper work, that has been my daily life for twenty-four years!

"Without daring to hope for a favorable reply to my application on the Blade, I was told the only opening was as suburban reporter, and I gladly took it, as at least an open door to permanency. I covered West Toledo twice a week beginning about the year of 1900. The city editor of the Blade, then C. Locke Curtis, patiently edited my copy, and was very considerate of my mistakes. After a couple of years, Mr. Blaque Wilson, then city editor, discovered that I had a "nose for news," and gave me small assignments from time to time. Then, came a big story, the drowning of a party of young people, all prominent in church circles, and in the emergency I was put on the story. I was fortunate enough to have the only interview with one of the survivors, beating all the seasoned reporters in the city. This won me a regular position on the paper, and I did everything that a reporter is called upon to do, except courts, police, and fire department. But, when occasionally I was put on the East Side beat, I called at the police station and fire department on my daily round.

"I was church editor five years, and alternating society and club editor. I remained with the Blade until 1917, my newspaper career extending over a period of about 17 years.

"In the meantime Mrs. Sara R. Foley had given up her correspondence on the Cleveland Universe, a weekly, devoted to Catholic news of Toledo, and the Northwestern part of Ohio. Mrs. Foley then turned this over to me. I kept this for about seven or eight years; then was connected with the Toledo Record for about five years. Altogether, though the work was hard, and taxed one's strength to the utmost, the years I spent in the newspaper association were profitable and fascinating. I shall always remember them with pleasure."

Mrs. Mollenkopf herself has written this account of her career in the world of newspaperdom. How successful she has been in her chosen avenue of endeavor, is well known, a woman and a widow, she so well accomplished what she had begun. Not a royal road does one travel to reach the goal. There must have been some "printers' ink" in the blood, as Fred Mollenkopf, now managing editor of the Toledo News-Bee, has followed in the footsteps of his mother.

* * * *

Life is half spent before we know what it is. We meet at one gate when all's over. Though the ways may be many and wide and seldom are two ways the same. Side by side may we all stand—by the same little door—when all done.—The End.

